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THE PIE HABIT.

In spring men sigh
For cherry pie
To soothe their tastes capricious;
'Tis with delight
They slowly bite,
And say that it's delicious.

But later on,
Ere spring is gone,
They want a change from cherries,
And then they try
The fragrant pie
That's stuffed with luscious berries.

In summer days
The same old craze
For pie a new trick teaches;
With strong desire
Men then inquire
For pastry filled with peaches.

In chilly fall
For pie they call,
But this time it is noted
They want the kind
In which they find
Sweet pumpkin thickly coated.

In winter drear
They persevere,
For pie they still are scheming;
But when it's brought
They want it hot,
And packed with mincemeat steaming.

Thus all year round
Can pie be found,
And men are quick to grab it;
Advice they spurn,
For pie they yearn,
And won't give up the habit.
—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

MISS ALLYN'S MATCH-MAKING.

BY MARJORIE BURNS.

THE little china clock on the mantel chimed four, and Etnel and Edith Adrian rustled down stairs, all ready for Mrs. Campbell's garden-party.

They were tall, slender girls, with be-frizzled yellow hair, and looked like twin Undines in their pale-green lawns, lit by the moony gleam of fish-scale jewelry.

"All ready, girls?" said Daisy Dacre, blithely, as she sprang up, shaking scraps of colored paper from her limp lawn dress, dotted with rosebuds that were vanishing like phantoms with much washing.

"There, now, you're going to leave me!" whined a sickly-looking child, with slender yellow braids and large, sullen, brown eyes. "Ma said you must amuse me, for I'm so delicate. You've got to stay and make my paper-dolls some more dresses. So, now, Daisy Dacre!"

"I've made your dollies dozens of dresses already. Won't you let cousin go just this once?" pleaded Daisy.

"If you go once, you'll want to be going again. I think you're very selfish to want to go and leave your little sick cousin," said Rosabel, reproachfully.

"I don't see how you can reconcile it to your conscience to go and leave that child, when she begs you to stay with her," chimed in Ethel, severely. "Come, Edith, let's go. Mrs. Campbell said that Miss Allyn's nephew, from Boston, Roy Fabian, would be there to-day. You know he's quite a celebrated artist and as handsome as a prince, they say."

And Ethel and Edith went down the front walk, with their rose-lined parasols tipped at the most becoming angle, leaving Daisy to whisk away a surreptitious tear or two, swallow a couple of sobs, and give all her energies to the task of entertaining a spoiled child.

She was Mrs. Adrian's orphan niece, pretty and poor, and had imperceptibly glided into the position of genteel drudge in her aunt's family, with a salary of cast-off dresses and fault-finding.

But she had a loving nature, which twined itself around even her domestic tyrants, and she had grown up among her petty persecutions as daintily-sweet as a brier-rose among its besetting thorns.

After their early tea, in-door entertainment waxed tame.

"I think we'll go to walk. Mamma says I need exercise. Not too much, but just enough to relax my nerves and give me an appetite," said Rosabel, who had all her mother's pet phrases at her tongue's end.

"Very well, dear. Shall we go to the cemetery?" inquired Daisy, who was well acquainted with Rosabel's ghoul-like proclivities for roaming among the tombs and meditating on an early death.

"Yes," assented Rosabel, "I should like to look at the stone they have just been putting up at Julia Mayberry's grave."

It was only a short distance to the beautiful old cemetery, which overlooked the valley of the river with low-lying blue hills beyond, and the two girls soon reached it.

Rosabel proceeded at once to the grave of Julia Mayberry, the patron child-saint of the neighborhood, and seating herself on the base of the stone, began slowly tracing the inscription with a sallow little finger-tip, while Daisy took possession of a rustic seat, and bent in absorption over a book of poems.

It was only a cheap paper-bound edition, but Daisy looked quite as pretty bending over it as if it had been bound in blue velvet and studded with diamonds.

And so thought at least one of a pair of unseen spectators.

They were an oddly-assorted couple. The man was young, tall, straight as a dart, and singularly handsome, with hazel eyes that could glow into gold and flash into black, and crisp, dark hair.

The woman—a quaint, pretty, richly-dressed, little old lady, with a brisk walk and eyes that flashed like black diamonds—had her thick knot of silver hair fastened with a gold comb, and carried a gold-headed cane in one of her little, withered, ivory hands.

"Just look at that girl sitting there, reading! Isn't she a beauty, with her fluffy, red-gold hair lit up like a saint's halo by the sunset?"

"It's just like you, Roy, to be falling in love with every pretty girl you see!" laughed Miss Allyn.

"With whom should I fall in love, auntie—the homely girls?" was the saucy answer. "But hasn't she lovely eyes, though? Just look at them as she raises them from her book!

" 'Blue, blue, as if the sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.'

"If you know her, do, do introduce me, auntie!" begged Roy, in an attitude of melodramatic pleading.

"You bad boy, you know very well that you've made such a fool of your aunt that she can't refuse you anything. Come along!" said Miss Allyn, playfully tapping her nephew's broad shoulder with her cane.

The introduction was soon accomplished, and then Roy noticed the meditative little figure at Julia Mayberry's tomb.

"How do you do, 'Patience on a monument'?" he said, playfully.

"You are mistaken in the person, sir—my name is Rosabel Adrian," said Rosabel, with much dignity; "and I don't do well at all. I don't expect to live very long, and I've been thinking about what I want put on my tombstone. Which do you like best—

" 'Sister, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze;'

"Or,

" 'None knew her but to love her,
None named her but to praise?' "

she added, appealing to the company at large with would-be melancholy sweetness.

"I think you will have to grow considerably more angelic than you are now before either of those inscriptions would be appropriate. Oh, I've heard of you!" said Miss Allyn, waxing wrathful. "You and your sisters make your pretty cousin a slave to all your whims. I'll wager that she had to stay away from Mrs. Campbell's party to amuse you. Confess, now! Didn't she?"

"Yes," blushed Rosabel.

"Well," said Miss Allyn, "I don't know that I should lecture you, for I'm a selfish old thing myself. I know that all the girls at the garden-party were dying to see this handsome nephew of mine, but I kept him at home to talk to me, and then we thought we'd stroll out here to see the sunset. Come, we two selfish things will go off, and I'll tell you a story of a lovely princess, who was kept in captivity by an ogress and her three daughters, while we leave these two generous souls to talk about the sunset and poetry and all the pretty things young folks like."

So Rosabel went eagerly away with Miss Allyn, to listen, with tear-dimmed eyes, to the sorrows of the captive princess, in whom she did not recognize her pretty cousin, and Daisy and Roy were left to talk.

And they took full advantage of their privilege. Daisy hungered for all beautiful things, and Roy had traveled extensively and seen all the Old World loveliness with the eyes of an artist, and could talk about it with the tongue of a poet.

"How beautiful it is!" Daisy's heart kept saying, in the pauses of their talk, as they watched the sunset fling its surplus roses into the river and drape the pale-blue sky with pink-and-gold banners.

"How beautiful she is!" Roy said to himself a dozen times, before the pale moon crept up behind the pines like a ghost, and Miss Allyn returned with Rosabel and said it was time to go home.

The twins were at home when Daisy and Rosabel returned, and Rosabel immediately proceeded to empty her bursting budget of news.

"So that's the reason you didn't want to go to the lawn-party—you preferred a moonlight tete-a-tete with Roy Fabian? Oh, you sly minx!" said Ethel, white with wrath.

And she and Edith swept from the room like two pale-green storm-clouds, utterly ignoring the fact that Daisy had been very anxious to go to the party.

The next day Miss Allyn came, and personally invited the three girls to a lawn-party, insisting that Daisy should go.

"I've been a selfish old thing, never giving a party, because it was too much trouble; but I must brighten up things a little for that nephew of mine. Besides, I owe him amends for keeping him at home from Mrs. Campbell's."

So Miss Allyn's beautiful embroidered furniture emerged from its shroudings, the two stately peacocks that had the great lawn to themselves gave place to rainbow-hued groups of daintily-dressed ladies, and the old elms rang with merry laughter.

But Roy Fabian had eyes only for a girlish figure in faded lawn.

Miss Allyn bloomed out unexpectedly as a projector of all sorts of gaieties. Picnics, teas and dances followed each other in short and sweet sequences, and in all the merry public meetings, the sweeter and quieter private ones, Daisy's heart was slowly opening "its red leaves lovelore" beneath the sunshine of Roy's hazel eyes.

"Daisy Dacre is the sweetest girl in the world! I made up my mind, that first night in the cemetery, that you should marry her, if she'd have you; and if you don't propose to her before you leave, I've a mind to cut you off with a dollar!" said Miss Allyn to her nephew, one evening, when the heavy scent of tube-roses betokened summer's death and Roy's flitting.

"For once 'great minds run in the same channels,' auntie!" laughed Roy. "I think that Daisy Dacre is the sweetest girl in the world! I made up my mind that first night in the cemetery that I'd marry her if she'd have me. And I've already proposed to her and been accepted!" he concluded, triumphantly.

"Bless you, my darling boy!"

And Miss Allyn threw down her cane and half smothered Roy in an ecstatic embrace.

But the Adrians were not so well pleased with the turn events had taken.

"How selfish of her to get married and leave me when she understands my ways better than any one else!" moaned Rosabel.

"So she had to have an artist, and that rich Miss Allyn's heir. As if any one wouldn't have been good enough for that little beggar—" sneered Ethel.

"Warm a serpent in your bosom, and it will turn and sting you," moralized Edith.

"Ungrateful as she has proved, I shall never regret what I have done for her," said Mrs. Adrian, with pious satisfaction.

But little care Roy and Daisy for unkind comments as they walk in love's paradise.—Saturday Night.

HE DIDN'T WORRY, BUT—

He got into a Don't Worry club,
And didn't worry a bit;
Though his wife made it warm for her "hub,"
He didn't worry a bit;
Though the melon he got was too green,
Though his napkin or knife wasn't clean,
He kept himself calm and serene,
And didn't worry a bit.

Though the market went down with a slump,
He didn't worry a bit;
He could hear of a rise or a slump
And didn't worry a bit;
The fall of some firm with a thud,
The shooting of kings in cold blood,
War, pestilence, fire or flood
Never caused him to worry a bit.

He could lose half a million in cash,
And never worry a bit;
He could hear of things going to smash
And never worry a bit—
One day a wee speck, on the fly,
Got under the lid of his eye
As he chanced to be sauntering by—
There's a Don't-Worry club that he quit!
—Chicago Times-Herald.

JINGLES AND JESTS.

"Was the play sad, Miss Bing?" "Yes, very; if I hadn't had a box of candy with me, I couldn't have sat through it."—Chicago Record.

If you should ever lose your head,
Mind not so light a matter,
As you can soon re-cover it
By visiting your hatter.
—Harlem Life.

Visitor—"Is this an old homestead, or a modern imitation of antiquity?" Tenant—"Oh, it's new, brand new. The roof leaks in forty places."—New York Weekly.

He—"How I envy that man who just sang the solo." She—"Why, I thought he had an exceptionally poor voice." He—"Oh, it isn't his voice I envy; it's his nerve."

Pa—"You have been a good boy today, Johnny; so I guess I'll give you ten cents for pocket money." Johnny—"I think I'd rather have it for spending money, pa."—Boston Transcript.

Because you love a poem do not try
To write one; this assumption do not take,
For many have an appetite for pie
Who cannot bake.
—Judge.

Husband (at dinner)—"My! This is a regular banquet—worthy of a Delmonico. Finest spread I've seen in an age. What's up? Do you expect company?" Wife—"No, but I presume the cook does."

Teacher—"Now, will some bright little boy tell what bird is the most famous in American history? The—the ——?" Sammy—"I know teacher. The Plymouth Rock rooster is."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Hoax—"My wife and I recently decided we must economize, so yesterday I bought her a cheap bonnet and took it home for her to try on." Joax—"How did she look?" Hoax—"As if she'd like to chew me up."

"In wooing thus, this wayward maid,"
I asked, "What sort of philtre
Did you employ?" The youth replied:
"The ice-cream-soda filled her?"
—Detroit Journal.

"You must come and see us, my dear," said a lady to a little girl of her acquaintance. "Do you know our number?" "Oh, yes," responded the innocent child. "Papa says you always live at sixes an sevens."—Tit-Bits.

Friend—"What is your son doing now?" Lady—"He's writing for the papers." Friend—"Oh, he is doing literary work, is he?" Lady—"Well, I suppose so. He solicits subscribers, and when they pay him the money he writes for the papers they want."—Detroit Free Press.

A New Advertising Dodge.

A clever advertising dodge has been devised by one of the English yellow journals. A number of agents have been dispatched to different parts of the kingdom equipped with vouchers, and with instructions to turn them over to the first person who asks for one. When remitted to the publishers they are exchangeable for a $50 note. The idea is to get everybody asking everybody else if they have one.

Back to the Skies.

There occurred recently at Montauban a shower of frogs. They came down in thousands, and disported themselves over a vast area. Next morning all had vanished; not a single one could be seen. A shower of frogs is a common occurrence; the extraordinary part of it is their rapid disappearance. Therefore, Le Journal, of Paris, asks: "Whither go the frogs which drop from the skies?"

Washington is rapidly becoming the centre of Catholicism in America.